SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

[Continued from No. 163.]

SPIRITUALISM IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

From the Manuscript Records of Rev. J. B. Ferguson.

May 31, 1855.

To-day, Dr. Bowling and William Foster, Esq., called to obtain a copy of a communication received a few days since through Mrs. Ferguson, addressed to Mr. Foster from his father, Hon. E. H. Foster, with the original, as taken down in Mr. Foster's presence. Mrs. F. came under spiritual influence; manipulated his head and neck; described the nature and tendency of the disease he was laboring under; prescribed for him, and gave what was regarded by the doctor and himself a very appropriate address upon the laws of health and happiness. Both communications have been regarded as presenting characteristic and irresistible evidence of the presence of Col. Foster. They were chiefly personal in their character, and therefore we forbear to record them, though worthy of a place upon the records of any family, or in the memory of any circle of relatives or friends.

May 31, 1855, 4 o'clock, P. M.

Hon. Cave Johnson, Mrs. Judge Catron and Mrs. Marshall, called this evening, according to an appointment, made at their repeated and earnest solicitation, to witness our manner of receiving communications. Mr. Champion, Mrs. Ferguson and Mr. Fiske present. They had been seated but a few moments when Mr. Champion, from the entranced state, spoke as follows:

An unbroken gloom has hung over the graves of our fathers for ages. Shall the still silence be broken by the re-union of kindred and those most dear? Or must the remnant of humanity be clothed with the dark shroud of oblivion, that has fallen, like some mighty pall, over the best interests and highest hopes of man? Is this what we are most to contemplate as the end of a being bearing the semblance of his God? No joy, no peace, but what the still silence of the grave must break; while it covers the treasures of the evidence of that humanity that allies man to the Cause that brought him forth as the noblest work of a master hand? Paleology would fail to record the dead evidences of hope; that sleep was felt to be an unending sleep; but hope shall be resurrected again; the light of the approaching morn shall dispel all fear, and endow man with the true birthright of his God!

What is God? Where is his abiding-place? The reechoes from the pre-Adamite, Antediluvian, Postdiluvian, Apostolic eras, present era—fail to encompass this mighty thought, that measures all space and annihilates all time.

The positive and negative forces present a contrast equally observable, to distinguish specific differences that indicate, with unerring certainty, their relation to each other.

Our response but reechoes, What is *not* God; where is he not? Sectarities and sectionalities may boast of a flickering taper upon a hill's height. The graves may give up their dead; mighty rocks may be rent; darkened heavens may overshadow the demise of thought; and still infinitude holds its sway and allies man to the eternity beyond!

A God is dead! a mighty nation mourns mightily; its reechoes are heard as the heralds of a brighter hope; and the realization of man's paternity, comes forth from the darkened shades of night with anthems of angelic sweetness to suit us to that oneness that speaks its latinitive impress on the heart.

This, my friends, is the dawning of a still brighter day—the realization of a greater hope—the millennial splendor heralded by scintillations of thought, that breathes not as man breathes, but in submission only to the meridian of his hopes, and attainment of the great end of his being. The respective differences that agitate the public mind, and cause men to inveigh against every thought not in conformity to the most approved systems of power, are enough to make man pause and weigh well his spiritual nature.

What does Spiritualism purpose? To emit a new light? To create anew the divine impulse that beats unerringly in man when heard. It proposes to banish from the records of time the injustice of a God that was personal in his levies, and bequeathed only to one day and generation those evidences of hope that point unerringly to the great fount of light and being. It proposes that man shall live, think and act for his own day and generation. It silences no sacred voice of the past, for they are all borne upon the zephyrs of the morning, as the silent admonitions of a day that developed in accordance with its conceptions. It proposes that man shall be free—think and act as a man. Not that the responsibility is not one and the same, for the paths we are now treading will be reconnoitered through ages yet unborn; but each successive step shall add but one more to the great humanitarian chain that links in one one common humanity to its father, God. It breathes its hopeful influence over the dejected, down-trodden, *perverted* humanity. These benign influences can boast of no brighter gem than this. God is Ours. Humanity is all riveted to the Eternal Cause that spoke it forth.

These are but the reechoings of a fruitful evidence beyond the ordinary appearance, it may be said. We will examine its claims. The old and the new are alike. *It is or it is not.* This confines within the scope of infinitude its being—its existence. I speak philosophically of the Bible and its claims.

Fear not! 'Tis not fear that makes a man—'tis truth; and before the tribunal of thought its scintillations charm the mind with its adaptation to serve in the way of its energy. Christ, the purified evidence of this power, that has been heard from the earliest dawn until the second shroud of superstitious intolerance has well nigh dissipated its claims upon a common humanity, is observant to all. Precept inculcates practice.

We purpose striking a line of demarcation between the old and the new. The blind see, the lepers are cleansed; the work of a god—the manifestation of his glory! This is most beautifully illustrated in the person of Naaman, through the prophet, and it speaks all that could be desired. When besieged in Dothan, his prayer but brings night to his enemies. When led forth upon the fair fields of Samaria, the same angel-minister breathes the same influences that open to man's vision the evidences of an unseen power.

But the dead are raised, the graves are rent, and Mother Earth refuses to receive her own! What less than a god—the perfected evidence of that humanity of which we boast, endowed from the regal court of eternity—could speak life where it is not?

What means Gehazi? Is he mad? Does the King of Assyria borrow for his life the evidences of a Christ in the prospective development of a thousand years? But we are told, "A son stands forth the evidence of that resurrection."

Elisha raises from the dead, as it is said of your Savior, the son of the Shunamite woman. Is it said these are parallels to those blessed influences that gave hope and peace to the nations? We claim that they are. Invalidate them if you may. They go hand in hand, as the brightest manifestations of the perfectibility inherited from the great Giver of all Good. Not a particle of faith is given to bless man but its counterpart is in these heavens, for its Author is one and the same. Nature's undeviating laws apply to the whole.

But still, Christ, the brightest manifestation of that evidence, brings a consolation that naught else can give. But the remarkable evidences of his power fade as the dew upon a thousand hills beneath the scorching sun of meridian day. He converted water into wine. Elisha did more. He increased the widow's store, by which means he delivered bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh from the cruel lash of the oppressor. This brings man to contemplate his end. He should stand in his own day and age, speaking for what he is and what he hopes to be.

Here the medium paused in impressive silence, and seemed, all the external senses being closed, to be recognizing spiritual guests presented to his vision. After a few minutes he said:

We have friends here, near and dear, that would speak. Here stands one of medium height, blue coat, light hat, light vest, and whiskers round the face, sunken eyes, little dish. He says care, sympathy and sorrow wrecked his hopes, and he sunk beneath the weight they bore. Let his memory be revered—not for his misdeeds, for they sleep in the tomb. They may have been riveted to his form in desecration of the humanity he bore; but a higher thought and a nobler nature dwell here now. Though the blossoms of spring may radiate his grave, he imbibes their nectar in unmitigated sorrow.

Here stands a woman, of medium height; expression full and florid; hair combed back; curls; false sleeves to her dress; some kind of a breast-pin, dark and large. Would that I could describe her dress. She considered it an evening dress—a kind of brown, a leaf-flower upon it. We presume her to have been twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Ribbon round the waist—blue or green, I can not see which.

"Sister, love, remember me. We are one as we were two." What she desires to say is more than I can utter.

Here stands an aged father: he bears the bright emblem of hope to every free American heart. He says: "No desolating hand could stretch across your border when the protecting arm of honor and truth moved triumphantly over this happy people." Kindred associations bind him to this spot. He has much to bear. Glad tidings await! Fitting time and opportunity must present themselves. Then his protecting arm will be outstretched, though you think it still in death. There is something (the medium continued after a pause) I want I can not get—some parting word—some death song—something.

To a mental question, asked as I thought by Mrs. M., he said "No; he is not here."

Another man presents himself: white hair; very dark eyelashes; eyes deeply sunk in his head, peculiarly so. Good height, well proportioned; a light, pale, something like drab, vest. He presents himself merely for recognition. Rather pleasant expression; a little stooped when addressing persons; some deficiency about a tooth, I think, perceptible.

I can not get rid of the tall man described above. He desires to give some assurance, but he can not do it now.

Then addressing Mrs. C., he said: "You would not have it now."

REMARKS.

I recognized the two gentlemen described last above as Gen. Andrew Jackson and Pres. James K. Polk. If I am not mistaken in this recognition we will hear from them again. It would be well to remember that Mrs. Catron was a favorite acquaintance of both these distinguished patriots, and that she cherished their memory with the strength of kindled love. Hon. Mr. Johnson was an ardent admirer of the former and friend of the latter, in whose Cabinet he served with honor to himself and acknowledge dbenefit to the country. It was not strange, therefore, that our departed statesmen should seek an opportunity of renewing their kindred associations on an occasion that called forth the interest of our visitors in the manifestations of spiritual light and its sublime purposes. We wait for further developments, when our mediums are willing again to exercise messages from those who seem so anxious to communicate.

GENERAL REMARKS.

We here close the records of a single family, embracing the short period of *two months*. We could select other periods equally full in details of fact and privilege, and perhaps more satisfactory in view of a philosophical presentation of causes and circumstances. Our object has not been to excite blank wonder, or to overburden the meek and credulous; but if we can call forth the free and honest thought of men who are grateful for the unspeakable blessing of an existance so sublimely and eternally related, we know that the superstitious will be ultimately cured of their errors, and the abuses of an unenlightened belief, as universal as the race of man, will be corrected. We place ourselves, not in the attitude of a judge or censor of the works and sentiments of others, more or less highly favored than we, but profess to give a faithful narrative of facts, rather underrating than exaggerating their attendant results. The facts are as certain as our existence, let their explanation be what it may. The subject is worthy of the most profound treatment; and if heaven continue our health and reason, we shall labor daily to secure to it the attention it warrants. To the respect which every man owes to truth, we commend our narrative, with its antecedent published "Records," believing that it will serve to help any who candidly read, to live, think and act for their own day and generation—so strangely and so wonderfully visited from on high.

J. B. FERGUSON,
Nashville, Tenn.

CURES BY SPIRIT-POWER.

"Kizie," a mulatto girl, aged ten years, servant of John Harding of this city, had been seriously diseased for five months. From her own statement we learned she had received three violent blows from an enraged servant whom she had displeased, which had so disabled her that she could not sit erect, and could scarcely walk. This was succeeded by a long attack of typhoid fever, from which she was completely prostrated, and by her physician given out to die. We visited her owner as a neighbor and former friend, and by him was informed of her situation in a manner which revealed the deepest anxiety for her relief, and painful forebodings as to its impossibility. He was understood to be greatly opposed to Spiritualism, and had separated himself from me religiously, on account of religious differences. He stated the case without any reference to the hope of relief, and asked us, as visitors, to go in and see the little sufferer. We went into her room, not even thinking of relief, but merely as a kindly attention to the request of a former and esteemed friend. No sooner did Mrs. Ferguson place her hands upon the child, than she exclaimed, "She ought to be cured." We found her prostrate; her skin parched with fever till it adhered to the bony frame from which the flesh had wasted almost entirely away. She was bent, and could lie in but one position. She gave every appearance of a case that must terminate fatally in a day or two, and I knew that her kind master so regarded her condition. Being a little deaf, he had not heard Mrs. F.'s remarks; and knowing his ignorance of Spiritualism and an unnatural opposition to me, fanned daily by those who were willing to trespass upon the credulity of a deaf and aged man, I hesitated to repeat it. But he seemed impressed from her countenance with something like hope, and urged me for an opinion as to her case. I told him at last what Mrs. F. had said, and gave him a general statement as to her power to relieve disease. He entreated her to undertake the case; and with tears of sympathy for the condition of the "little pet"—for such he called her, and such she was, being an orphan of a favorite servant, and raised almost by his own kind hand—he urged us to proceed. We did so; received distinct impressions from our Spirit-companions as to her case, and the possibility of recovery. Mrs. F. afterwards visited the child alone, and after the second manipulation the fever gave way; an abscess of enormous size pointed outward from the abdomen, which in one week opened of itself, and discharged freely, when she was enabled to sit up; her back by the additional manipulations was straightened, and in a few weeks from the day we visited her she brought her gladdened master to see us and report her recovery. She is now—three months having elapsed—in health; and no person who marked her condition and the circumstances attending her recovery, can honestly doubt that she was restored by influences brought to bear through the medium.

A worthy physician, to whom I related the state of the patient after our first visit, said, "She must die!" and expressed regret that we had undertaken it, as he was favorably disposed toward us, and feared we would only expose ourselves to the criticism of those already watching and waiting for an occasion to injure what of truth had been previously gained for the spread of spiritual knowledge. He, of course, rejoiced with us in the success that confounded all opposed, while it convinced each who took time and had the candor and impartiality to investigate the previous condition of the patient. We never visited this patient without physical evidences of Spirit-presence; and Mrs. F. always recognized the little sufferer's mother, whom she accurately described, although she had died previous to her residence in Nashville. She often came to her vision at our house, and gave Mrs. F. information as to the condition of her child, and directed the times of most of her visits. This mother was the first negro we had met in our Spirit-intercourse; so that a discharge of humanitarian duty, in this case as in every other in our previous experience, rewarded us with a new confirmation of the hope of the world.

ANOTHER.

June 1, 1855, I was called upon by the brother-in-law of Mr. J. H. Compton, a native of this county, and well-known to a large circle of city and county acquaintances, to see him in his last moments. He had been suffering for weeks from an erysipelas affection, which had been succeeded by typhoid fever. His brother, a young physician, and two others of eminent reputation, had pronounced him dying, and his friends had gathered to bid the last farewell. I was sent for as a minister to offer the expected religious consolation. I found him to all appearance dying. I so regarded him, and sought only to soothe his last moments. The thought of his relief by Spirit-power never entered my mind. After religious services, conducted with a view to inspire hope in the future in the hearts of his friends, rather than to impress any special thought upon one so low and so often unconscious, I left, expecting to hear of his death by morning. Every member of his family anticipated the termination of his earthly life that night. Upon returning to my chamber, fatigued in both body and mind, from a week of incessant labor, I forbore to speak of his condition to Mrs. F. But we had scarcely retired to the quiet of our bed, when she said, "Mr. Compton will not die;" at least, "he need not," she continued. I felt that her statement was preposterous; and having to deliver two discourses on the morrow, for which I had not a moment's preparation, I was indisposed to state the particulars of the case, and simply remarked, "he is dead now, I fear." The night passed in refreshing sleep, and the morrow came with another positive statement from Mrs. F. that he still lived and with proper care could be restored. Living some distance from the patient, and never having been requested to visit him for spiritual relief, I paid no further attention to his case till we arrived at church. There I learned he was dying and had "been dying all night." This statement seemed to confound Mrs. F., and she made no further reference to him until the service at night was over, when she proposed that we drive by and see him. We did so, and so certain was I that he was dead, that I left her in the carriage, saying, if he is dead, it will not be necessary for you to go in. I went in; found him to all appearance gasping his last. He was cold in all the extremities of his body; the dew of death was upon him, and it was almost impossible to recognize a pulse. Mrs. F. came in, looked at him with evident doubt in her thought, and after a moment or two took hold of his hands, while he grasped hers as with a death-grasp. Such was the impression of his manner of grasping her hand that one of his friends made an effort to release it, but was moved back by the medium. She remained in that condition thirty minutes, he seeming to breathe by the power of her lungs, and all the time, to all appearance, unconscious. She very delicately manipulated his breast and head, and said "he will not die to-night," and directed the utmost quiet for his room. He did not die; on the contrary, he became warm from that hour, while she passed, as it were, through a death scene, and gave me, after our return home, the interesting particulars of her feelings, and the assurances of her hope in his behalf. She visited him the next day, and the next, in company with another medium; and then persuaded Mr. Champion to visit him, who afforded him direct and permanent relief. And we have the pleasure of now recording his entire recovery. I hesitate not to say that we have seen a dying man restored contrary to every opinion and appearance, and we rejoice that God has indeed visited his people.

I am particular in recording the circumstances of this case, as it has been exaggerated by many and denied by some—the exaggeration of unthinking friends leading to the denial of those who knew nothing of the case. It was reported that he was dead, and made ready for the grave, and then restored; the truth is strange enough, while an exaggeration in such a case would be alike ungrateful and profane. He was dying, but not dead. He lives to testify to all the particulars, and I trust to yet rejoice in the blissful assurances of the unmeasured care of Him whose ways confound, and if we will, elevate and happify our souls.

INABILITY TO CURE BUT NOT TO COMFORT.

John Claiborne, son of Col. H. L. Claiborne and Mrs. Lucy Claiborne, was born into the Spirit-world, June 30, 1855, in his tenth year. On the night of the 28th June, he was taken ill, and lay down on the pavement near his father's residence, in an unconscious state, for some two hours, when he revived, and complaining slightly, was put to bed by the servant, his father and mother being absent. The servant, accustomed to hear him complain, supposed him simply fatigued, and made no mention of his illness. The parents returned late at night, and unconscious of the condition of the child, retired to bed. During the night the mother was awakened by footsteps apparently coming out of her son's room into her own chamber, when, looking up, she distinctly recognized a figure dressed in white, approaching her bed-side. She felt awed, and somewhat alarmed, when it disappeared. She could not divine its meaning, but felt assured it portended the death of some member of her family. Next morning she found her first-born in a very critical situation, threatened with congestion of the brain. She sent immediately for Mrs. Ferguson, both as an intimate friend and a Spiritual medium. She no sooner saw the little sufferer than, falling on her knees in an entranced state, she exclaimed: "Fearful responsibility! he will die! Send for a physician!" This she repeated to the aunt. One of the best physicians of the city was brought in a few minutes, who pronounced his situation dangerously critical. He received every attention that tenderness and skill could give; and under her manipulations was evidently saved from spasms, and made to appear so much better, that his fond father and myself were made to hope for his restoration. The mother, however, and Mrs. F., had none, save as their feelings and not their impressions from a high intelligence, swayed the heart of maternal and friendly yearning. When restored to consciousness, he would often say, "Mother! that man will take me away!" "he calls for me!" and a most heavenly smile would play over his features. He could not bear Mrs. F. to be absent, and was always calm under her hand, though subject, when she was absent, to all those violent struggles that usually attend affections of the brain. He died sweetly and calmly on the second day, at eleven o'clock, the medium being permitted, interiorly, to see his angel attendants, to describe them, so that his relatives recognized them, and to behold his happy reception into their guardian hands. His departure to all was more as an ascension of a pure spirit than a separation from those who would have given their lives to rescue his from evil.

During the day and night following, in the room where he died, and his own little chamber, unmistakable evidences of Spirit-presence were given to his father and mother, and several members of his family. A little brother companion, only seven years old, insisted that "Johnny came to him in the night and said he would send a letter to ma." These are his words. The death of one so promising is always a severe trial to parental hearts; but amid the memory of unnumbered instances in which, as a minister of religion, I have sought to direct the hope and comfort the hearts of stricken mourners, I never met a scene where there was so much of spiritual assurance that "it was well with the child."

One week before, a medium of the city, who had been sought by the father of this little boy, in his investigations of Spiritualism, after giving him very astonishing evidence of its truth, appeared in deep distress, but could not be induced to tell its occasion. She said she knew, but was not allowed to make it known to him. After he left the house, she said, "I saw a funeral train, headed by the deceased father of Mrs. Claiborne, leave his home, and carry away his little boy." "Why did you not tell him?" said the husband of the medium. "It should not be done; it will be hard enough for him to bear it when it does come," was the reply.

Let the reader place these facts together, and he will have occasion for deep and profitable reflection. 1. One week before the event, a medium, *not* intimate with the family, sees the funeral of Col. C.'s son, led by his grandfather, whom in life she never saw, and who had died in a distant city (New Orleans) years before. 2. The mother, unconscious that her child was ill, was warned in the night (and, we believe, had she not been alarmed, would have been led to his bed by her Spirit-father). 3. Her friend, another medium, most feelingly predicted his death when she first saw him; while she could not herself believe it, save when under Spirit-impression. 4. Every member of the family received evidence of Spirit-presence, tangible and unmistakable, at and after his death. 5. They are now happy believers in the truth of Spirit-intercourse, and it is their only balm for deeply-afflicted hearts. 6. Five accurate descriptions of deceased persons were given unsought, at the time of his death, only one of which had been known to the medium in life, and one of which was known only to one person present. 7. But one person in this family had previously avowed faith in the reality of Spirit-communion.

So worketh our Father in heaven in our hearts, and let them ever after be gratefully trustful.

July 2, 1855.

On the next day after the funeral of this little boy, Mr. Champion visited me, and addressed me as follows from an illustrious Spirit-friend, Dr. Channing:

"PROOF—POWER—GLORY!"

Humanity reclaims none of its claims, as the epoch approaches denominated the *Vale of Death*—the shroud of the grave that invails with its folds all that speaks the vital element.

Proof, that we stand in connection with a higher and ultimate destiny! Do you want the indentures that establish beyond doubt and transmit to every man the knowledge of his all? 'Tis here, in the breast, you will ever find them.

The versatility of the human mind is indefinite. The mighty ocean of eternity may give up its sceptred *sires*, and still the palace of the mind remains unadorned in the diversified treasures of God's bounty, inherited as a birthright of created power.

Power, an innovator, a shield, a protector, an oppressor—one that gilds its regal courts with drops of human gore, regardless of the chrill threnody that arises spontaneous from a mother's heart, as she weeps over the object allotted to her care. These lugubrious sounds fall as the gentle dew to nourish and invigorate the demon Hate, as, with princely state and manly form, he looks over the conquered and fallen. Power, the annihilator of every good and perfect act that would adorn mankind, and place him above inanimate matter, so to speak!

High-born, who?—low-born, where? "Distinctive components of human nature," we are told. Developed diversity!—significant, indeed, of many attainments! Are these the legitimate enjoyments of power? or are they acts of love and mercy, proceeding from a kind and benevolent parent for the good of his offspring? Are men unborn to thought—doomed to inactive servility—subject to the preconceptions of those who live more lordly? * * * * * * *

There are no exalted dignities here, to brighten and illuminate one at the expense of the many—no nameneered confines beyond the abodes of men. Death, the annihilator of Time, equalizes the political forces. *Men come forth and go forth alike*: beginning and end are accompanied with similar conditions. Do you boast of more than me? It is a burden to your conscience and a sting to your soul, as it attracts, perpetuates and sustains the corroding influences allied to unequal power. It is the hyena preying upon the very vitals of immortality, and consigning its recipient to the shades of night. * * * * *

Inequality, sectional interest, usurped rights, preconceived opinions—are these inheritances from Heaven? No! from Earth, and the grovelling influence that soars not above the thirst that would annihilate its kind, and spread desolation in its train.

These divisions arise—where? Here, within a span of time, confecated, as it were, from God to breathe a hell or loathe a heaven! O man! mourn over thy perversity; weep for the dim shades of error presented by the chronicled researches of the past, as the inheritances of our time. These distinctions are plain, and need no confirming power to make them more so. They come as the dew-drops of eternity to nourish and invigorate the great planting of man in God. They come not in the silent watches of the night, nor breathe the lugubrious notes of the dead. * * The dead sleep not in the grave; but the spectral illusions of the only death walk forth in the open day, and come with the shades of the darkest night. Every breath wafts the sad sounds of a dead and corrupted humanity, bolding Hell and Heaven as the bequests of vice and virtue.

GLORY, in what? In the alleviation of your kind. In the principles that compose the stepping-stone to virtue, to noble deeds, to heroic action. We glory in the peculiar conditions of men, till they stand preeminently above their fellows—shining lights.

The dignity of a true man lies very low—*very!* Unperceived it may be, and generally is, and consequently is lost in a phantasy. It displays itself exteriorly with some, but not the generality of individuals, though it is quite commonly appreciated. When we divest ourselves of this coil that time and sense have wove around us, then may the evidence that we are born of God be perceived. Not till then shall man be man in truth. But penetrate beneath this mâsem that is wafted over your human kind, and you will still find the impress of these God-given faculties that you have inherited. No man can be happy in the realization of truth, where circumstances enjoin upon him an isolation. No variety so great but that it mingles in one mighty whole. No inheritance so bounded; no joy so great that its relative proportions are not equally allied to the Great Cause that spoke it into existence.

A few explanatory remarks: When weighed down with care, and grief intrudes upon the sacred repose of the heart, we think we merit it. It is the impress of duty we feel; it is the *chiding* of paternal affection; it is the dropping of wisdom to nourish the soul. Unwelcome guests there may be; but in this heaven (*the breast*), preparing all to feel, think and act, while doubtless it may be the best evidence of hope we have, we find our reward.

A few practical observations: Let your mind be free to speak, to act

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ingless, and I know he will realize a rewarding result, that will at once reprove our egotism and encourage our researches. I apprehend that Milton and Bacon were quite ambiguous to many of their generation, and are still so to some of ours. The fault may not have been theirs. Much that we appreciate to-day we may despise to-morrow. Let us never forget we were created for PROGRESS; and mind is often ambiguous.

(To be Continued.)

DR. T. L. NICHOLS' LETTER.

THAT we may not be justly accused of unfairness toward Dr. T. L. Nichols, we copy below the entire letter to the *Herald*, which called forth our leading article under the editorial head.—ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

The *Herald* of Friday contains an extract from a Western paper, and also an editorial article, assailing me and others, and inviting an explanation. I give it cheerfully.

The article copied from the Wisconsin paper, is a garbled and false account of the proceedings of a public meeting held at Ripon, Fond du Lac county, in which resolutions were passed against a Society of Free Love Spiritualists and Socialists at Ceresco. I send you a full report of these proceedings in the Ripon *Herald*.

Ceresco was the site of one of the earliest Fourieristic Associations, and most of its members are, or have been, Fourierists. The Hon. Warren Chase, so violently denounced at this meeting, was a Fourierist, and is now one of the leading Spiritualist lecturers. He is now on a lecturing tour in New England. The people of Ceresco, or the members of the Union, are mostly Individualists, of the school of Josiah Warren and S. P. Andrews, holding to the "sovereignty of the individual," but also Spiritualists, and partial Fourierists or Associationists. Of course, as Fourierists, or Individualists, or Spiritualists, they repudiate marriage as an arbitrary institution, and accept more or less the "free-love" philosophy. Fourier demonstrated the utter incompatibility of the civilized marriage and his plan of association. (See Passions of the Human Soul, Love *vs.* Marriage, etc.) Warren and Andrews have equally demonstrated that marriage is opposed to individual sovereignty; while all advanced Spiritualists—though few may have the courage to confess it—repudiate marriage in its legal sense, and believe in the doctrine of affinities. Consequently, large bodies of Spiritualists are now emigrating or preparing to emigrate to favorable localities, where they can protect each other in freedom, and especially in freedom of the affections. One such settlement is now forming in Southern Minnesota, in a beautiful country, pointed out by the Spirits for that purpose. Others are looking to an early settlement in Northern Texas. "The Progressive Union, a Society for Mutual Protection in Right," is one of these associations, numbering some hundreds of members, with an aggregate property of over a million of dollars, and made up of men and women, mostly Spiritualists and Socialists, who are banded together with the earnest purpose of either reforming the present social order or founding a new one.

My writings on physiology and sociology can scarcely be misapprehended by any intelligent reader. I am no lecturer, "miserable" or otherwise, on woman's rights, but have vindicated human rights, as I understand them, and particularly the right of men and women to the control of their own persons—the right to do right. The principles taught, in these works are briefly stated in the enclosed extracts, which, if of interest, are at your service.

Your "neighbor Raymond" heads a notice of "Mary Lyndon," "A Bad Book Gibbetted." It seems to me a self-gibbetting of the critic, who in this single article has covered himself with the infamy of most grossly libelling a delicate, pure-souled, estimable woman, and as such known and admired by thousands. But her life, with all pure persons, is her best defense against such libellers.

It is probable that a Wisconsin mob will attempt to break up the Ceresco Union, for a Vigilance Committee was appointed for that purpose. There is no social freedom in this country, unless you are either in a wilderness, beyond the boundaries of civilization, or in a great city. It is probable that within the next five years the Spiritualists and socialists of this country, tired of contending with the bigotry, selfishness and despotisms of civilization, will concentrate on some unoccupied territory in sufficient force to organize a State, in which they may realize freedom and justice.

I have written this more to set you and the public right respecting certain important movements, than to vindicate myself. For several years I have borne the abuse and slanders of conservative donkeys and knaves, who make a trade of radicalism; but such personalities are of no consequence. My worst slanderers are a clique of socialists and so-called reformers, who are too cowardly to stand by the logical and legitimate consequences of their own principles; sneaks who vilify others to save themselves. Such men all true reformers must despise, while honest conservatives will never trust them. T. L. NICHOLS.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

"THE SONG OF A SISTER."—Mrs. Kingsbury will accept our thanks for her very appropriate contribution to our columns, with the assurance that we shall be pleased to receive other similar tokens of her regard.

E. V. WILSON, Toronto, C. W.—We beg pardon for losing sight of that business item respecting the Public Circle. We have since attended to the matter.

☞ The following article, elicited by a letter from Dr. T. L. Nichols, which recently appeared in the New York *Herald*, was prepared, as the reader will perceive, for the columns of that journal.

MORE AXES TO GRIND.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

SIR—I have perused the articles which have of late appeared in your widely-circulated journal—respecting the Ceresco Free Love Union—including the letter from Dr. T. L. Nichols, which I regard as highly objectionable in some of its essential features. The Doctor's communication is obviously calculated, if it was not especially designed, to improperly and falsely identify the Spiritualists of this country with a class of men who are, as I humbly conceive, unwisely warring against its institutions, and laboring to found a new social state on a basis of Individual Sovereignty and Free Love, wherein the natural relations of mankind, the principles of morality, and the laws of divine order, are not likely to be properly respected. As the writer under review places Spiritualism and its friends in a false position, his letter can hardly fail of leaving in the public mind an erroneous impression respecting the principles that underlie the great Spiritual Movement of the age. For this reason it demands a brief reply, and I therefore respectfully solicit the publication, in your columns, of the facts and suggestions which follow in this connection.

The Ceresco Union is not founded on Spiritualism, nor are the Spiritualists, as such, responsible for its existence. It is a notorious fact, that the most conspicuous advocates of Free Love, in its most unscrupulous and repulsive form, entertained and defended substantially the same views long before they became Spiritualists, and even before Spiritualism, in its modern form and present aspects, had attracted public attention. The views which they so fondly cherish, and which are at the same time so offensive to the public at large, they never learned from Spirits; they brought them along when they came to the investigation, and hence Spiritualism is no more responsible for their opinions and practices, in this respect, than the religions of Moses and Jesus are answerable for all the heathen abominations which the converts from Paganism brought with them into the Jewish and Christian churches. Spiritualism sustains no necessary or natural relation to Free Love in any perverted, unlawful or immoral sense. On the contrary, the fundamental principles and familiar precepts of a true Spiritualism are totally and forever irreconcilable with any system and every institution which does not require the individual to preserve his own rectitude, and to seek the highest happiness of the community and the world. The very name by which our peculiar views are now almost universally distinguished, at once suggests the idea of a system that is opposed to all grossness and sensuality; one that calls for the progressive purification of all thought and feeling, and which, while it sublimates the passions of human nature, also regulates and determines their legitimate exercise. Such—if we have any knowledge of its principles and objects—is Spiritualism. Its pure nature and lofty purpose can never be universally perceived and fully realized until at last the great world, so long enslaved by brutal appetites and made delirious by selfish lusts and pleasures, shall yield to the calm and orderly influence of enlightened reason, and the sublime dominion of the Spirit.

I have no disposition to disguise the fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—that a number of persons who advocate Spiritualism, also labor earnestly to propagate the peculiar views of Dr. Nichols and his party, and I know not but some Spirits may be similarly employed. But even this furnishes no rational grounds of objection to Spiritualism. We read in the New Testament of "seducing Spirits," and, according to Paul, it was "commonly reported" that there was "fornication" in the Corinthian Church;* but no sensible man ever thought of rejecting and denouncing the Christian religion on such a flimsy pretext. Moreover, enlightened and candid men never judge the essential principles of any system, or hastily decide respecting its general tendencies, by the particular acts of any one or of all of its disciples. It does not follow of necessity that adherence to a single fundamental error vitiates the entire moral nature, nor does it preclude the reception of truth on other and general subjects. On the other hand, the admission of one correct principle or central truth can scarcely be expected to purge away the errors of a lifetime, and *to perfect* and sanctify the whole character of a man who has all around and within him the common infirmities of his race. Even men whose hearts and lives are corrupted by the inordinate indulgence of the basest passions, may become familiar with the important facts which have signalized the inauguration of the spiritual idea in the earth; and if they are capable of appreciating the force of evidence, they are quite as likely to be convinced as others—perhaps more like to accept this truth than persons who have strong religious prepossessions and sectarian prejudices to overcome before they can commence an investigation. But I insist that Spiritualism and its consistent friends are not, in any righteous sense, any more accountable for the preconceived opinions and unworthy acts of such converts, than Christianity and the apostles are justly answerable for the conduct of "the publicans and the harlots," who are said to have preceded "the chief priests and the elders" in their entrance into "the kingdom of God." (Matt. 21 : 31.)

I might have suffered the letter under review to pass unnoticed, and thus have spared myself the labor of this article, but for the following brief passage:

All advanced Spiritualists—though few may have the courage to confess it—repudiate marriage in the legal sense, and believe in the doctrine of affinities. Consequently large bodies of Spiritualists are now emigrating, or preparing to emigrate, etc.

That a number of *Socialists*, who accept the Free Love doctrines, and who also, it may be, believe in the Spirits, are about to form an Association and go to Texas or somewhere else, is probably true; but the statement that "*large bodies of Spiritualists*" are about to forsake the realms of modern civilization that they may secure a larger liberty beyond its limits, and away from its restraints, is believed to have no better foundation than the morbid desires or distempered fancies of your correspondent. As one of the conductors of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, the largest and most widely circulated spiritual journal in the world, I have, during a period of over three years, had an extensive public and private correspondence with Spiritualists in all parts of the country. I think I may safely affirm that my facilities for ascertaining their principles and movements have been quite equal if not decidedly superior to those of Dr. Nichols; and in view of all the information in my possession, I feel authorized to say, that the statements of your correspondent and the actual facts in the case, differ so widely as to admit of no reconciliation.

The assertion that *all advanced Spiritualists . . . repudiate the legal marriage*, is not even supported by the shadow of a fact or reason. Indeed, this gross assumption is almost daily contradicted in the most decisive and emphatic manner, by the fact that *some prominent Spiritualist is married according to the forms of law*. Yet Dr. Nichols complacently asserts that they *reject, discard*—in other words, that *they cast from them* the institution of the legal marriage. Can any one be so deluded as to suppose that his bare *ipse dixit* on a subject of this nature will hide the truth from men of ordinary discernment? It really appears so. How else can we account for this utter recklessness on the part of your correspondent, in which he makes his nearest approach to sublimity. The full meaning of his language, in the passage above cited, may be slightly obscured. If I am not mistaken its intended import, stripped of all disguise, may be more clearly expressed thus: *All enlightened and true Spiritualists either freely accept and openly vindicate my views respecting love, marriage and divorce, or they are cowardly hypocrites who secretly cherish my sentiments while they dare not express them.* In this insane assumption, the personal modesty of the author is about as conspicuous as his love of truth. How did Dr. Nichols arrive at a knowledge of the alleged fact that all the advanced Spiritualists in this country who do not publicly acknowledge the correctness of his views are dastardly hypocrites? And how does it happen that the Doctor possesses so much more courage than other people. He looms up amazingly, and presents a remarkable contrast when viewed with the rest of mankind. He is not only willing to bear with those "conservative donkeys," to use his own elegant epithets, who can not perceive and appreciate the superior excellence of his social economy, but he is all ready to suffer a moral martyrdom to consecrate and perpetuate a system which, from the very hour of its birth, has been writhing under the indignant curse of offended humanity.

Ever since it was discovered that the Spiritual Reformation of this age possessed vitality and power, many wandering stars have been suddenly attracted by its superior light and magnetism. Not a few have already fastened themselves and the worthless trumpery of their pernicious errors and inventions to the present dispensation, and they now appear to the enlightened observer as mere excrescences on the fair form of the new creation. Spiritualism resembles a great tree whose living boughs afford either grateful shade or ample protection, and we naturally expect that some unclean birds will seek a roosting place among its branches. S. B. BRITTAN.

* See I. Corinthians, 5 : 1.

THE THINKING AND SPEAKING AUTOMATA.

IN No. 44, Volume III., of the TELEGRAPH, we published an article entitled "Wonderful Invention; a Talking and a Thinking Machine," which set forth, ostensibly, that Sir M. Faraday had performed before the Queen, Prince Albert, and the members of the Royal Society, several remarkable experiments, by means of electrical apparatus, and *wooden men*, or automatical machines in the human form. According to the writer's description *the Church service was performed by these automata*. In the process it became necessary to connect the prayer-book, Bible, a sermon from the Bishop, etc., with the wires leading from the electrical batteries to the automatic figures, and it then only remained for the learned *savant* to place his hand on the book or manuscript, and exercise his will, when, suddenly, these *puppets*, whether occupying the speaker's desk or the orchestra seats, rose in their places and performed their several parts in a precise and effective manner.

Among the advantages which it was conjectured might be derived from this invention, the writer suggested that the Bishops might have the batteries in their *studies*, from which wires might radiate to a number of parishes, and that automaton figures might occupy the pulpits in the churches. By this most convenient arrangement the Rector or Bishop might remain at home in inclement weather, and not expose himself; and, moreover, the English Church might be enabled to dispense with the poor services of many of the perpetual and stipendiary curates. Finally, by these wonderful machines and these curious experiments, it was proposed to account for all the so-called spiritual manifestations in America, and to show that nothing can be more fallacious than the idea that they depend on the agency of departed Spirits.

It seems that the writer's purpose, in the article here referred to, has not been clearly apprehended by all of our readers, and we have, therefore, deemed it necessary to publish the following letter, with the required explanation.

ROXBURY, August 3, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Respected Sirs—I have taken your very valuable, and I was about to say, inspired paper, from its earliest infancy to the present time, and am happy to say that I have ever found its editors to be honest, frank and bold, always speaking the truth fearlessly, however *unpopular it might be*, and prompt to *correct all errors* when discovered, whether made carelessly or otherwise, and also ready to chastise where chastisement is deserved. But now there seems to be one exception; perhaps I am mistaken, however; I will submit, if found to be so.

You doubtless recollect of publishing an account of a very wonderful invention—a talking and thinking machine, about which I have heard nothing since. You will find it in a March number of your paper. I consider it a grand farce, and I, with many more readers of the TELEGRAPH, wish for some light upon the subject, either in confirming and explaining, or repudiating and chastising. The truth ought to be known, and where shall we go for an explanation on this point but to the TELEGRAPH.

Please give us your mind, if no more, and oblige your waiting servants. Yours in the bonds of love,

JAMES M. KENT.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—The Editor has never questioned LEILA, the author of the article under review, respecting his purpose, for the reason that no doubts were entertained as to the writer's intention. That J. M. K. and others may be set right on this subject, it should be observed that Sir M. Faraday, some time anterior to the date of the alleged experiments before the Royal Society, had, by a simple mechanical contrivance, demonstrated—the opposers of Spiritualism were foolish enough to believe—that the Spiritual phenomena of this country are properly referable to "*muscular pressure*." Many said, "Ah, yes; we knew that Spirits had nothing to do with the manifestations; we told you that the cause would be discovered." But there were, at the same time, writing, speaking, singing, and a variety of other media in this country, and we were quite too short-sighted to perceive how these were all moved by the philosopher's machine, or operated by "muscular pressure." Nevertheless, the philosopher himself, aided by the aforesaid machine—after a somewhat labored course of experiment—succeeded in accomplishing precisely what every kitchen-maid in this country does every day—*he moved a table by the use of his muscles!* When this astounding event was formally made known to the two continents, it came to pass that those who had been accustomed, from their youth up, to worship scientific masters and to despise the truth, said: "It is even so; as we expected, the secret is out, and science has explained the mystery."

Under the circumstances already named, we could not but regard the article by LEILA as *an ingenious piece of irony*, and, as a capital *take off*, we published it for the amusement of our readers. Moreover, in substituting *wooden men or automatic figures* for the clergy, the writer reflected with great severity on the cold, thoughtless and mechanical character of the popular forms of religious worship, especially in the English Church. We have only to add that in giving place to that article, we trust we have done nothing to forfeit the respect and confidence of the esteemed correspondent whose letter has elicited this explanation.

Uncovering his Understanding.

AT a pic-nic held at Reading, Mass., on the 7th inst., in which more than four hundred Spiritualists participated, Mr. T. C. Constantine, of Lawrence, who was formerly a Baptist clergyman, but is now an earnest and intelligent Spiritualist, narrated one or two striking facts as having arrested his attention, and led him to the investigation of the modern phenomena. We copy from the *New England Spiritualist*.

On one occasion, on hearing the statement of certain occurrences which he then deemed impossible, he declared, in the most positive manner that he did not believe in the existence of any power in nature which could perform such things. Just then he was suddenly seized by some invisible force, which *raised him from the chair in which he was sitting, carried him over the top of it, gently let him down to the floor, and then drew off both his boots!* One of the boots, as it left his foot, went up to the ceiling of the room, and then slowly came to the floor. Overwhelmed with astonishment, he asked that this might be done over again; and as he was proceeding to draw on one of his boots, the invisible power wrenched it from his foot with such force as to tear off the straps, leaving them in his hands. The reverend gentleman then thought it time to investigate the source of this power, and the investigation had resulted in the fullest conviction of Spirit-agency.

A FAULT-FINDING SPIRIT.

SOME weeks since, while the editor of this paper was temporarily absent, Mr. Fishbough extracted part of a communication from A. S. Hudson, to which he appended some suggestions of his own, both of which appeared in our issue of June 16th. It seems that the remarks by F. were regarded by Mr. Hudson as both impertinent and offensive, and the latter has relieved his mind in a second communication, which we publish entire. In the conclusion to submit Mr. Hudson's letter to our readers, we beg leave to say that we are not influenced in the decision by its benign spirit, the classic eloquence of its diction, nor yet by the intrinsic importance of aught that it contains. But A. S. H. thinks he has been misused, and we therefore allow him to make his complaint in his own peculiar way. Our correspondent evinces a captious spirit, which we regret to witness in one who attempts to correct the errors of other men.

Mr. Hudson's uncharitable insinuation that the TELEGRAPH professes liberality and practices intolerance, does not even call for a simple negation on our part, since every number of the paper is itself a triumphant refutation of his ungrounded charge. Mr. Fishbough—for what reason we can not say—did not form so high an estimate of the value of Mr. Hudson's original letter as the author himself did; and, accordingly, only the more important portions of said letter were marked for publication. F. may have erred in judgment, and we may be allowed to add, that A. S. H. is not sufficiently disinterested and dispassionate to be quite infallible in this respect. Since the subjoined letter was received, we have carefully re-perused the objectionable remarks of Mr. Fishbough, which—together with the extract to which they especially refer—may be found in No. 7 of the current volume; and we can see nothing in them which is really calculated to disturb a man of liberal charities and unimpaired digestion. We think that A. S. H. uses much more spice than the occasion properly calls for, but the reader will peruse his letter and judge.—ED.

S. B. BRITTAN:

My Dear Sir—Some months since the TELEGRAPH propounded a plan for the organization of local societies in different parts of the country, with the view of securing a usefully systematic correspondence to its pages. It also liberally invited contributions upon all subjects, and upon both sides of every subject not absolutely foreign to Spiritualism. But I see by the number of June 16, that this open-handed offer, like the "interior investigation" and meaning about the Bible, possessed an interior sentiment, not only the reverse of its avowed liberality, but which, when interpreted by experiment, actually breathes a spiritually sectarian exclusiveness, which only wants experience to become exquisitely refined, and age to form its punctillious hand-cuffs. Thinking it no harm to embrace the above named offer, I accordingly forwarded a short article which aimed at a partial analysis of a teaching from Mr. Haskins, the strength of which teaching seemed to consist in its being quite heavenly long. Instead of treating my poor article with that politeness equal to that extended to Mr. Haskins, one of your sub-editors disemboweled the piece, and bid the tip end of the tongue of the TELEGRAPH sound a perverted synopsis of its maimed parts.

The chagrin I am left to enjoy all to myself, does not arise from the impulse of feeling not treated with due consideration, but it springs from the conscious fact that I have been wheedled into a position only to be fooled. These remarks, my dear sir, I make to you personally, for since I am not blessed with the privilege of your columns, all the consideration I expect this will meet, is merely a perusal.

The commen-tator on my article, recommends me to revere the Bible precepts, and with a "pure mind study its *interior* contents." Much as I may need good advice, I am as little inclined to take it as most people; and since this "interior investigation," or "interior" meaning of the contents of Scriptures, constitutes one of the basis of that measureless latitude which enables F., on the part of the TELEGRAPH, and the clergy on the part of the Bible, to maintain any amount of wordy toil, and any convenient mobility of position; it might be more descriptively named the "lock-out-meaning." Therefore I am not disposed to take his advice, nor give myself up to this study, until I feel the need of backing-out.

It is not long since the TELEGRAPH feelingly complained of the *Tribune*, about a certain report misrepresenting a spiritual meeting held at Dodworth's academy.

The purport of my article was endowed by F., with no less misrepresentation, and its shape deformed with the same eviscerating spirit. Now, if I am not privileged to share the feeling of fabulous injury, but let the tender sensibilities of the TELEGRAPH monopolize them all, then the case had better be left to a jury, and meantime I will recreate in the consoling remark of Johnson, when he said, "Who is the worse for being uncharitably spoken of?"

F., thinks my "ultra-naturalistic views are thought-restrictive;" had he styled them ultra-ratio-naturalistic views, less error would have been expressed. Let it be asked what is the measure of that mighty thought-expansive view of his, which denies the opposite side everything but a perverted hearing, because that side lacks a little of being approved as intensely spiritual? Pray what is he but an ultra-Spiritualist; one of accomplished spiritual bigotry; and whose chary exclusiveness dissipates the offered opportunity to the looker-on to express a sifting judgment between pseudo-revelation and that which is true and worthy of acceptance? Will he have the goodness to define what gracious truth the severest naturalistic rule will exclude from its rational realm?

When did it ever cowardly ask the mind's assent to a truth it was unwilling or incompetent to demonstrate? Would he have me compromise the extreme of rational naturalism with the extreme of orthodoxy, and cormorantly swallow all of exuberant Spiritualism, as the even

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NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

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Some one remarked, "According to that, when the communication was by taps, the medium did not make them."

Dr. G. replied, that whenever a strong and severe conviction occurs in the mind of the medium, however produced, it will occasion the taps, and hence the vast amount of nonsense we get. Instead of an enthroned being in the chair of the universe, if we come with right minds, willing to take whatever is given us, we shall find there a God of order, the guide over the beautiful, a ruler in love and all the magnanimous and glorious emotions. But this other nonsense and blasphemy comes from the lowest spheres, and if sent out with thunders there would be no difficulty in tracing it home to its source.

Mr. Stone remarked that there was no want of modesty on the part of the medium, but rather the communication was marked with it, and that the Spirits said they would be known by their mildness. The great names of Kant, Cuvier, etc., were obtained with difficulty. He said he did not ask the devil to come, nor did he want him to come. He thought it would be a thing which we should much respect in Jesus Christ, if he would come and tell us what is right and what to do, so that we need not go astray so much as we do. Judging from the way the world goes on, he did not think the Spirit purporting to be Christ, that communicated with him about the effect the Christian religion had had on the earth, was so very much out of the way.

Dr. Hallock remarked upon the purposes for which this platform was opened; that it was for making inquiries in Spiritualism, and not for the introduction of strange and extravagant notions, having no bearing on the great main subject; and he did not think it in good taste to take up the time of those who come here, compelling them to listen to things foreign to Spiritualism. If it had been founded upon any such principle, it would not last for a month. Spiritualism is too important in its consequences to be so trifled with; and he would as soon think of playing a joke in the selection of a remedy for a dying man, as to think of treating the subject as it had been by some here to-night: it is like giving poison where we ought to send a balm. It is an important consideration that a large and respectable part of the world have a very great regard for the principles of the Bible. It is upon certain facts and arguments, as expressed in the 15th chapter of I. Corinthians, that Paul bases the immortality of his own soul. He says there, "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," which is beautifully prophetic, and do we not see and feel, inasmuch as that averment is prophetic, that upon our times has come the fulfillment of this prophecy. This subject, taken in this view in connection with Spiritualism, has a power in the community which must preclude forever its being undervalued.

Dr. Young remarked, that he never could annihilate his perceptions of the existence of a God, and on that account his existence was the more proved to him. It is proved that an intelligent, thinking, impalpable principle communicates with us—a phenomenon which has never before been so clearly established. He did not want Paul to come back and tell us what he once preached. He could not know it is Paul, for there is an endless variety of Spirits. It is necessary that there should be a something which should reach the heart, and that is a something which nothing can belie, nothing can falsify. I deprecate any interruption, but I do find fault that any one should recognize that there are any such extravagant manifestations, or ridiculous and shameless pretensions as have been represented here this evening. That gentleman would not conduct a mathematical investigation as he has this examination of this subject.

Mr. Gray made some remarks, in continuation of those first made, concerning identifying Spirits, which are chiefly included in that part. [The account of his being touched by an infant hand, at the same time several others were similarly touched, is omitted for want of time and space.]

A gentleman not known to the reporter, arose and said, that some weeks ago he visited this place, and heard the object of the meetings in this place stated, which was chiefly to give and receive information on Spiritualism. He was glad to come and hear it presented by those who have made it a study; but the first time he came here a gentleman by the name of Roberts, as he was informed, occupied the majority of the time in saying what he could have heard in a number of other places in the city. He thought Mr. R. so much out of the way he might reply to him, which he did. In conclusion, he expressed his belief that there is a great deal to be learned at these meetings, and he, for one, wanted the opportunity, without being obliged to listen to the nonsense or exploded notions of any person, whether as a tranced medium or not.

Mr. Warner remarked, that when he first became acquainted with Spiritualism, he had the idea of almost all those who have witnessed its facts. He thought that when one becomes a Spirit, he necessarily becomes little less than God himself; and, generally, they who have become a little acquainted with the subject have some peculiar views which they believe the new facts favor. He related the case of a broker who, on becoming acquainted with the power of seeing clearly things present or future, exclaimed, "What a thing for Wall-street!" He thought the door for all knowledge was opened. But he soon learned that death made about as little change in a man's character, as stepping over a crack in the floor would make in his. If intolerant here, intolerant there; if interested in any particular knowledge here, interested in the same there. If this be so, how can we expect to derive from Spirits all and absolute truth? We necessarily fall back on our common sense and reason; and if what we learn from Spirits will not stand that test, let it be rejected.

GEORGE KELLOGG, *Sec. pro tem.*

SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC.

On Tuesday of last week a party of Spiritualists residing in this and the suburban cities, enjoyed a social pic-nic in a grove some two or three miles west of Flushing, L. I. The friends proceeded to the ground, by the steamer Island City and the Flushing Railroad, in three different detachments, one leaving at 8 o'clock, another at 10, and another at 1, P.M. When all assembled upon the ground, they numbered some two hundred. We observed that the Spiritualists of Williamsburgh, and of the large public circle meeting in the Bowery, this city, were most numerously represented, but the party was by no means confined to these. The day was as beautiful as could have been desired, with a temperature neither too cool nor too warm, and a gentle breeze playing among the branches of the grove with a murmuring sound like sweet and soothing Spirit-music. All hearts seemed light and joyous, and each countenance wore a smile of peacefulness and fraternity. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the contents of the well-filled baskets were spread upon tables and upon the ground, and were dispatched with the zest of appetites sharpened by pure air and kindly jovial feelings.

A MIRACLE.

After the collation, the company spontaneously drew together in a circle, and several mediums soon began to be influenced in various ways, but not, however so definitely as to give any formal addresses. About this time an event took place which deserves special notice. Mr. Larkin, of Williamsburgh, while under the influence of what purported to be an Indian Spirit, was requested to examine a lady (Mrs. Van W.), an entire stranger, from Washington city, and see if he could discover any physical difficulty under which she was laboring. He placed his hand on her head, and moving it downward until it came to her left elbow, gave an Indian "*whoop*," and commenced making passes over it. The lady, and her friends who were on the ground, declared that in consequence of a severe attack of erysipelas in the arm (deep scars of which were still exhibited) the flexor muscle had become so contracted that she had not been able to straighten out the forearm beyond the position of a right angle, for the last four months. After some five minutes' manipulation by Mr. Larkin, the muscle was perfectly relaxed, and the lady could straighten her arm and use it as freely as she could the other, except that the strength was not yet fully restored. (We learned from a friend of the lady, on Sunday last, that the cure remained permanent up to that time.)

Soon after these occurrences, an effort was made to bring the meeting to a more perfect order for the purpose of listening to such addresses as might be given. It was, however, voted by a large majority to let the Spirits and mediums take the matter wholly into their own hands, and that the audience should keep themselves as passive as possible. After some screaming, laughing, and other eccentric manifestations not very well calculated to leave a favorable impression upon the minds of either skeptics or believers, the Spirits gave a very good and profitable address through Miss Gibson; and subsequently Mr. Coles, Mr. [illegible], and Mrs. Williams, were brought under influence, and recited and enacted a moral drama, which was listened to with great interest. At half-past 6 o'clock the company returned, each with a mind stored with pleasant memories of a day pleasurably and profitably spent.

We understand that another excursion has been projected, but we have not learned that any definite arrangements have yet been made.

To the Friends of the Ragged School.

The ladies formerly acting as a board of managers for the Ragged School kep thy Miss M. A. Dow, purpose holding a meeting at the house of Mr. D. G. Taylor, No. 145 West Sixteenth street, to dispose of the articles remaining after the fair held in aid of that school; all the ladies who solicited donations are requested to be present on Thursday, August 30, at two o'clock, P.M.

N. C. BRAYTON, *Sec.*

Curiosities of Men and Things.

Public Exhibition of Beauty.

Since the exhibition of Infant Prodigies is over, and the unspeakable advantages of the same are so manifest—to the proprietor, we mean—Mr. Barnum's interest in the fairer portion of mankind seems to have been increased and intensified; nor will his very laudable desire to improve the human race be likely to undergo any sensible diminution for some time to come, especially if this great vital, anatomical and physiological reform continues to pay well. It requires a man of transcendent genius, of a peculiar kind, to make the business of practical reform really profitable. In this respect Mr. Barnum is "alone in his glory." Moreover, having discovered that people are not as perfect as they should be, it is accordingly proposed to "finish them up" by an occasional exhibition of the best specimens at his museum. To be sure, such specimens are viewed as *mere animals*—their mental and moral imperfections not being considered or provided for in the "means of grace" and the modes of the new reformation. But then, we should remember that it is a very great thing to be *physically* complete, and Barnum's novel method of perfecting the race will doubtless so far succeed as to satisfy his own liberal expectations. Few men, perhaps, are more familiar with the imperfections of human nature than Mr. B., and his remedies for the ills of the flesh appear to have well grounded claims to a scientific character, judging by the allopathic standards. Barnum first feels the public pulse; if the *patient* has no fever, he proceeds to excite one; then *he bleeds him*; if any part is affected with a local inflammation he keeps his *leeches* applied thereabouts, and leaves the imagination to complete the cure.

Mr. Barnum's intense interest in the cause of human perfectibility, recently prompted him to open wide his heart and pocket, as appears from his proposal to pay $1000 to the most beautiful lady who may be pleased to offer her charms for public exhibition at his museum in October next. To those who shall rank next in the divine order of physical irresistibility, the following additional premiums will be given: one of $1000, one of $500, one of $250, one of $200, one of $150, six of $100, ninety of $20 and one hundred of $10 each. Those ladies obtaining the ten highest premiums will be engraved and published in the French *World's Book of Beauty.*

Now if any of our fair readers are ambitious to be seen with "the elephant," the living anacondas and giraffes, the stuffed bears and hyenas, etc., and the shells of the great sea turtle, they can have the opportunity, and as fair a chance of taking a premium for their personal beauty as Dame Nature and P. T. Barnum have been pleased to offer them. We have not as yet ascertained whether any *'maids* from the Fejee Islands are expected to compete for the prizes.

The Pilgrim Mothers.

According to the *Home Journal*, a lady who resides in San Fransisco, having been invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished the following. It is highly seasoned, but we like it pretty well:

The pilgrim fathers, forsooth! What had they to endure in comparison with the pilgrim mothers? It is true they had hunger and cold, and sickness and danger—foes without and within. But the unfortunate pilgrim mothers, they had not only these to endure, but they had the pilgrim fathers also, and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the pilgrim mothers? Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self sufficiency on the part of the men is beyond endurance. One would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided for by especial act of Providence! Only Mrs. Hemans has volunteered to insinuate that there ever was a woman in the case; that the May-flower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friends, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self-conceit of the men. They appropriate everything to themselves, even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did hope there was one prerogative they would leave to women. We have submitted quietly to their inventions in superseding us in many things—we will not tamely submit to be deprived of this one privilege: we will not ourselves be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by pilgrim fathers. How could they have been fathers, if there had been no mothers? And I hope, dear captain, that I have succeeded in convincing you that you will be lending yourself to an act of injustice toward us if you do not propose for your toast—The Pilgrim Mothers.

True Love is Cosmopolitan.

Moore the poet did not much respect sectarian and national distinctions, and indeed we may say as much of most poets and of all lovers. Should one join the Know-Nothings, the first foreign object that possessed the elements of beauty and sublimity might cause him to forget his country, and although he might resist all the ugly aliens themselves in the vindication of his principles, *even one* of their fairest daughters might subdue his resentment and lead him captive away. Moore indicates precisely what the result would be, in the following expressive lines:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No; perish the hearts, and the laws that try,
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!"

Flying over the Waters.

The Boston *Advertiser* states that a working engineer by the name of John Ross, residing in Montreal, has addressed a letter to the Mayor of Boston upon the subject of a recent invention of an extraordinary character. He claims to have discovered a new motive power which will waft a ship across the Atlantic ocean in three days; and further, if a hole were bored in the bottom, the vessel would float with equal safety and freedom. In order to complete a working model, which is wholly independent of steam, he asks the assistance of fifteen hundred dollars from some gentleman's pocket. No progress, says Mr. Ross, has been made in that direction (the sea) to keep pace with the movements over railroads on the lands, but this desideratum will certainly be accomplished and demonstrated in his great discovery.

The Arched Rock Cavern.

The Lake Superior *Journal* has the following description of a natural curiosity, about which many exaggerated stories have been set afloat. The account is from a surveyor who visited it:

"The Arched Rock of Lake Superior is a cavern hallowed by the action of the water in the sandstone rock, resting on a belt of conglomerate. The opening faces the lake to the north, and presents an arch of singular regularity and great beauty, with abutments more or less perfect on either side. The arch does not spring immediately from the water, but stands upon a wall slightly battered from a vertical line. The interior presents a magnificent saloon, closely resembling in form an immense theater, with the opening in the place of the stage. It is a powerful cavern for reverberations of sound, both from without and within.

Its immense proportions have not been fairly represented by travelers. The cave is large enough to hold and hide completely a brig, with all her sails set and topgallants flying. By measurement the width at the water line is 144, its depth 210 feet. Its height appears to be equal to its width, but writers who ought to be reliable have made it somewhat less."

Innoculating with Wit.

The Rev. Sydney Smith, who lived some time at Edinburgh, used to say: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the north, and which, under the name of *wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but—' here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

One Noble Deed.

Louis Napoleon did a good thing recently. A. M. Lesmer, a school-master, was sentenced in 1847 to hard labor for arson and assassination. After seven years' confinement he was proved to be entirely innocent. A fortnight ago the Court of Assizes formally "discharged" him from the accusation and its effects, and the Emperor now appoints him to an honorable and lucrative office under the Ministry of Public Works, "in order in some degree to repair the ruin caused by a fatal judicial error."—*Life Illustrated.*

Fichte on Life and Death.

All death in Nature is birth; and precisely in dying the sublimation of life appears most conspicuous. There is no death-bringing principle in Nature, for Nature is only life throughout. Not death kills, but only the more living life which is hidden behind the old begins and unfolds itself. Death and birth are only the struggle of life with itself, to manifest itself in ever more transfigured form, more like itself.

Five Men over Niagara Falls.

On Monday last five men got into a skiff at the Suspension Bridge, pushed out into the stream, broke one of their oars, when the boat became unmanageable and they were all carried over the Falls and engulfed in the fearful whirlpool below.

We find the above announcement in the *New Covenant*, published in Chicago. As the Suspension Bridge is a mile or more *below the Falls*, we are at a loss to conjecture how that skiff and those men were carried over the great cataract.

In a late speech, Lucy Stone said, "We know there is cotton in the ears of men. Let us look for hope in the bosoms of women." May you not find cotton where you look for hope, Lucy?"

A heartless wag once defined love to be nothing more than "an insane desire to pay a woman's board."

THE SONG OF A SPIRIT.

BY MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY.

"In this wide world there's not for me
A hope of future joy;
I was baptized in misery,
E'en when a thoughtless boy."

Yes, gloomy and sad was my primeval life,
And when 'mid its turmoil, its cares, and its strife
I paused in my pathway, bewildered and worn,
How I wished with a sigh, I had never been born!

The briars and thorns very thickly were strewn,
Piercing feet, hands, and *heart*, as I passed on alone,
While the heavens were dark with the threatening storm-cloud,
And the bright lightnings flashed, and the thunder pealed loud.

The wild winds danced round me in boisterous glee;
The rain came in torrents, dense, tumbling and free,
The dark angry billows swept over my road,
And my overcharged heart sank beneath its last load.

"O God! O my Father!" in anguish I cried,
"Permit that this friendly, this fast rolling tide
May bury me deeply beneath its green wave—
May give me in mercy a watery grave."

I sank 'mid its surges. Unconscious I fell,
Bruised by sharp, piercing rocks, that were hid by their swell;
I rose, still unconscious, or partially so,
For methought I heard music far distant;—and lo!

A bright angelic being, with lovelier smile
Than I e'er had conceived, glided toward me, and while
In wrapt wonder I stood, her fair arms were entwined
Round my neck, and my heart leaped with rapture, to find

My lost darling again. The sweet dream of my youth,
Was present before me, and love, joy, and truth,
Thrilled my heart with a strange, and exquisite delight;
While a triumphal song, from pure Spirits and bright,

On odorous breezes was wafted along,
And this was the burden, the theme of their song;
"Thanks, thanks to the Father; one more is released—
With another, the troubles of earth-life have ceased."

And now, dwelling ever 'mid light, peace and love,
Drinking deep from the fountain of wisdom above,
With the friends of my heart, thus, no longer forlorn,
I thank thee, O God! that I ever was born.

PHILADELPHIA, 1855.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday, August 21st, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, James Hart Allen, M.D., and Fanny, daughter of the late James Porter, Esq., of Albany.

In this city, August 22d, by the Rev. B. T. Taylor, Mr. William E. Valentine and Miss Anne Wright.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"And whither now, my truant, wise and sweet,
O, whither tend thy feet?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;
How have I forfeited the right?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?"

On the morning of August 17th, at Newark, N. J., Edward Earl Moore, son of Philip D. and Phebe H. Moore, left the clay-form for his bright home in the Spirit-world, age 4 years, 9 months and 17 days. Although he possessed a well-developed physical body, having enjoyed excellent health up to the time of his late sickness, yet his interior or spiritual nature was exceedingly active, and, unlike other children, he would seek to withdraw from the sports and recreations of the earth-life, and enjoy the communion and companionship of his Spirit-friends. On such occasions, which were very frequent, a joyful smile played upon his countenance, evincing the great delight he had in the bright visions which beamed upon him from the Spirit-land. It is a great consolation to his parents, and the large circle "who knew him but to love," to know that he was welcomed in the realms of light and joy by those loved ones whose acquaintance he had formed—and also to know, that he will ever be nigh us in our journey through life, inspiring us with truth, hope, and love.

NEWARK, N. J., 1855. M.

OUR EDDIE.

Eddie, thou'st gone, and left us all lonely;
We miss thy dear form at morn, noon, and eve;
We hear thy dear voice in each soft passing zephyr,
We miss thee, loved one—for thy dear presence grieve.

Yes, cherished one! thou'st passed from our vision—
Faded at morn, our bright blooming flower;
But Jesus has gathered thee safe to his bosom,
Thy beauty renewed, for eternity's hour.

Thou'st left the rude world, its trials and sorrows,
And gone to thy home, with the fair infant throng;
Thou wanderest awhile, through life's gloomy passage,
But our Father in love bade thee tarry not long.

Closed the bright eye with love ever beaming,
Sealed the dear life of soft infant tones,
Parted, alas! through long painful hours,
By low plaintive cries and anguish-wrung moans.

But hushed every plaint, each pulse wildly throbbing—
Each struggle of pain—each low-sobbing breath—
Cool the pale brow, late so heated and glowing,
While the still lovely casket is broken by death.

Yet not dead, our Eddie! bright Spirit of heaven,
Thou livest more perfect, more holy, more pure,
Where joys never pall, where hopes are ne'er blighted,
Where parting's not known—where meetings endure.

Then rise weeping ones from the grave of your darling,
See! smiling in heaven your now angel-boy;
Give back smile for smile, and let no falling tear-drop
Cast even a shade on his newly-found joy.

A. L. S.

On the 20th inst., after a short illness, brother John Reese, a writing and tipping medium of a high order, in the twenty-first year of his age. He leaves a circle of endeared associates behind him who will ever appreciate his worth.

So, dear brother, we yield with submission;
'Tis God's righteous will and decree;
He has for thee a holier mission,
Thus early to call thee away.

J. A. H.

Near St. Paul, M. T., on the 18th of July, Thomas Hart Benton youngest son of Edwin and Eliza Benton, departed this life, aged three years and one month.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton formerly resided in Philadelphia, Pa., but removed to Minnesota early last spring. Their angel boy while on earth was inspired with the deepest affection for his parents, and a degree of intelligence quite beyond the measure of his years. He twined himself around the fond mother's heart so lovingly, that when the fair form perished in her arms, she almost felt that daylight had departed. Dear friend, be comforted, for though sorrow, like a solemn night, broods over thee in this hour of conflict and mortal separation, thy child shall rise and shine in the upper heavens, and be to thee a radiant star on the brow of the everlasting morning! EDITOR.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Produce and Commission Merchants.

C. W. Kellogg & Co., whose card will be found on our last page, are prompt, efficient and honorable business men, and as such we commend them to the attention and confidence of such of our friends in the country as may require the assistance of a competent agent to act in such capacity.

Absence of Mr. Koons.

Mr. Jonathan Koons desires to inform his friends and the public that it is his intention to be away from home from the 1st to about the 20th of September. After this time he will be pleased to receive calls at his Spirit-room as heretofore.

Spiritualism in Brooklyn.

Rev. R. P. Ambler will lecture at the Brooklyn Institute on next Sunday afternoon (Sept. 2) at half-past three o'clock. Public conference every Wednesday evening. Seats free.

Original Communications.

INTERIOR FACTS OF PSYCHOMETRY.

S. B. Brittan, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have read Mr. Partridge's remarks before the New York Conference with pleasure, although I am far from agreeing with him. I trust that the subject will continue to engage the attention of philosophical minds in your city, for there is no branch of spiritual science which will so richly repay investigation as this. I wish, sir, through you to present for the consideration of the New York Conference, a few of the *interior* facts of psychometry. I have been engaged in the investigation of this science for some time, and *being myself a psychometer*, I trust that I may be able to throw a ray or two of light upon the subject. It is a matter of deep regret that a large portion of psychometers are utterly unable to philosophically analyze the operations of their own minds while engaged in the practice of their art, while others who are competent to do so, refrain from telling what they know, because they desire to throw a *certain mystery* about the matter, and thus lay claim to a miraculous power. My object in this communication is to lay before the Conference a clear and full statement of the *interior process* by which I at least, and I presume all other psychometers, arrive at results. It is the *interior facts* of psychometry which alone can throw any light upon its philosophy. Those *interior* facts psychometers only can give. The *external* results of the *interior* process, do not afford sufficient *data* upon which to properly investigate this subject.

I am willing that students of nature should have the benefit of my interior experience in this matter, and I trust that psychometers everywhere will follow my example and give to the world all the *interior facts and phenomena* of this science, so that thinkers and philosophers may have the proper data upon which to reason and study.

That psychometry is a fixed science, my own interior experience and that of other psychometers will testify; and I insist that psychometers are the best witnesses to the facts of psychometry. I have made over two hundred psychometrical examinations within the last four months, and I have not failed once. These examinations, it is proper to remark, have been made by me for the sole purpose of investigating the subject, by an observation of the phenomena as they occurred in my own person.

The first point to which I wish to call attention is this:

The conclusions to which the psychometer arrives are not fortunate guesses, or the result of vague and dim ideas floating in his mind.

On the contrary, they are all *logical deductions rigidly drawn from fixed data.*

This will appear by a statement of the *interior* and *unseen* process of psychometrizing.

I will relate, for illustration, my own interior experience (while engaged in psychometrizing a letter. I begin by closing my eyes; this is done for the purpose of excluding the *external world* and to render the required state of mental abstraction, concentration, and passivity more perfect. I place the letter upon the center of the forehead; this is done because experience has shown that this is the best method. After a few moments the impressions begin to come; the strongest traits of character in the writer of the letter being first presented.

These impressions are at first *physical* impressions. This is a point to which I wish to call particular attention. Let us suppose that the three prominent traits of the person whose letter is being psychometrized are—1st. Firmness. 2d. Self-esteem. 3d. Combativeness. How is the psychometer impressed with these three traits? The process is this:

He will feel a *physical sensation* upon the organ of firmness, and if that organ is very large in the person whose letter he is psychometrizing, this physical sensation which at first feels like a pressure on that organ, will increase in intensity until it amounts to a positive ache. The cause of this sensation is a sympathetic excitement of the organ, and a consequent rush of blood and nervous fluid to the spot.

This excitement of the organ, of course, results in a reflex excitement of the mind, and a corresponding *mental emotion is next produced*. The psychometer now speaks and says, This person has large firmness; he is fixed in his opinions, sometimes very obstinate, etc., etc.

After a short space of time this sensation at the locality of firmness ceases, and the same sensation is experienced at the location of self-esteem, and the same results follow. It then ceases at self-esteem, and is felt at combativeness. Thus the psychometer is enabled to discover that the writer of that letter has large firmness, self-esteem and combativeness, and he paints his character accordingly.

I wish here to call attention to the fact that the impression is first of a physical nature; that this physical sensation passes from organ to organ, and is just as distinctly felt as the touch of a finger.

I am aware that many uninstructed psychometers make no account of these physical impressions, and rely upon their *mental* emotions entirely. But if the letter causes a mental emotion, of combativeness, for instance, how is that emotion produced? It is in this way: There is *first* a sympathetic excitement of the organ of combativeness, which ultimates in a reflex excitement of the mind, and thus produces a corresponding mental emotion.

Any good psychometer who will pause to analyze his interior sensations, will not fail to perceive this *prior* excitement of the organ and the physical sensation at its location. Some psychometers are ignorant of phrenology; these are forced to rely upon their mental emotions only, and are doubtless not aware of the significance of the varied physical sensations which they experience. The best and most philosophical psychometers draw their conclusions not only from their mental emotions but also from their physical sensations. They are thus never deceived as to the character of their mental emotions, because they can trace each emotion back to the organ, the sympathetic excitement of which produced that emotion.

You will also observe that the success of the psychometer depends not only upon his impressibility, but also upon his knowledge and judgment. Impressibility only furnishes the *data* from which the psychometer draws his conclusions. The successful psychometer should not only understand phrenology, but he should also possess a sound judgment, so that he may determine what sort of a character will be produced by a given combination of organs.

Without a knowledge of the location, function and antagonism of the organs, and a sound judgment, the psychometer (no matter how delicate his impressibility may be) will make frequent and marked failures—for which psychometry is not to blame, but the psychometer, who lacks skill to interpret the language in which this science speaks. He has the data, but he knows not how to draw the proper deductions.

Those who investigate psychometry would do well to remember how frequently two persons who have the advantage of *an intimate personal acquaintance* with a third person, differ in their judgment of that person's character.

Unless a person has some very *marked traits*, it is difficult for the psychometer to give *external* evidence of the truth of his impressions.

But to continue. So far, psychometry is distinct from clairvoyance. But the psychometer often becomes clairvoyant. It must be kept in mind that psychometry is not clairvoyance, yet the two are often so mingled together in the same experiment, that it requires close analysis to discriminate between them.

When the psychometer sees the image of the writer of the letter, he is clairvoyant. It is by clairvoyance that the knowledge of the color of the hair and eyes and the personal appearance of the writer is obtained.

The psychometer passes out of the psychometric state and becomes clairvoyant. *He no longer feels; he sees.*

When the psychometer becomes clairvoyant he often sees symbolical visions—as, for instance, the writer of this communication not long since, when psychometrizing a letter, saw before his eyes a golden harp. On observing this harp more closely, it was perceived to have the exact form of the harp pedal to a piano. He therefore said that the writer of that letter was very fond of music; and performed well on the piano, which was the case. This was clairvoyance, and not psychometry.

In conclusion, I will say that my experience, and that of hundreds of others, establishes the following facts:

1st. If the writer of a letter at the time it was written felt sad, merry, thoughtful or angry, the letter, when held in the hand or placed upon the forehead of certain impressible persons, will cause such impressible person to feel sad, merry, thoughtful or angry, as the case may be.

2d. If the writer has any organ which is peculiarly large and active, such impressible person will feel an excitement of the corresponding organ, and a physical sensation at its location followed by a corresponding emotion.

3d. If the writer has any disease, such impressible person will feel all the pains and sensations which the writer is accustomed to feel, and can tell all the symptoms of his disorder.

In relation to the *cause* of these phenomena I have nothing to say. I know nothing about, nor do I think that any of the theories which have been advanced throw any light upon, the subject. It is easy for a person who never psychometrized a letter in his life, and either can not, or does not know how to do it, to theorize and speculate; but their theories will be shallow and their speculations false, because they have undertaken to reason without any basis—to philosophize without any facts.

Trusting that what has been offered will be of benefit to the cause of truth, and entertaining the hope that you and your friends will continue the investigation of this deeply-interesting subject, I remain yours for truth and true religion.

H. H. BROWN.

DETROIT, *August* 10, 1855.

DO ANGELS HOVER O'ER THIS EARTH?

Do angels hover o'er this earth,
And linger with a listening ear,
And know the thoughts that man gives birth,
From boyhood to declining year?

Ah! yes, two angels, pure and bright,
Do faithful guard each lonely one,
And smile a smile of fond delight
When one good act is done.

But when the erring one has strayed,
Or broke the law that he should keep,
Oh! then, the smile will quickly fade—
'Tis then those angels weep.

G. G. B.

PSYCHOMETRY AND CONFERENCE DISCUSSION.

I beg to express my thanks for the publication in your paper, of Mr. Partridge's remarks on the theory of Psychometry. Like him, I regard Spiritualism as the most consistent and rational explanation yet given of the various and numerous classes of phenomena on which the theories of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, psychology, psychometry, etc., have been erected, and I was glad to find him boldly "facing the music," and avowing publicly at the New York Conference, that the hypothesis of Spirit-action should not be ignored out of deference to any theory with a new name, until the merits of opposite explanations were compared.

The main objection relied on by opponents of Spiritualism, as the explanation of the various phenomena, is, "The existence of Spirits is assumed and should be proven." This is at least my experience in discussing this subject with personal friends skeptical as to Spirit-action. But they will argue lustily for "mind acting on mind," magnetism, electricity, sympathetic mental union, suggestion, etc., as more rational explanations, without giving any evidence whatever to demonstrate the actual existence of a cause and its mode of action, except the phenomenon itself, which they recognize as an effect, and from which they infer their theories. But we Spiritualists must infer nothing—we must show the Spirit itself; and if we did do so, they would call it an abnormal vision, etc. As Mr. Partridge so forcibly contended, the causes of these phenomena alleged by some to evidence their theories, uniformly profess to be individualized Spirit existences, and meet successfully the tests our minds suggest as competent when met to prove professed identity; and the advocates of magnetism, psychometry, etc., assume a great deal when they contend that the phenomena sustain their theories in opposition to the distinct declarations of the causes of the same phenomena. The descriptions of character given by Mrs. Kellogg were the effects—she was the directing and acting cause, or else the agency used by the acting cause. Does she pretend to reveal the contents of sealed letters, or characters of the writers, by any action of her own intellect, will, or mind?—or does she only announce the impressions she feels—the bodily sensations or mental impressions, as the case may be? It seems to me, all that Mr. Brittan's tests prove is simply that Mrs. Kellogg is an impressible medium, and that Spirits deem it wise to give in such forms the evidence of their intelligent action through mediums. That science may have a file to bite.

K.

MILLFIELD, *August* 15, 1855.

Messrs. Partridge and Brittan:

Dear Sirs—Understanding that a report has gone forth into the world, stating that a great convention of mediums would be held at or near my residence in the ensuing month of September, I wish to make it known through your columns that, as regards myself, I know nothing of the matter. On the contrary, it so happens that I have urgent business which will oblige me to absent myself from home at that particular time; and I avail myself of the present opportunity to announce this fact to the public in general, in order to avoid disappointment to those who might feel inclined to visit me at that time, for the purpose of witnessing spiritual manifestations. I beg also to say, that the above mentioned report found its way into the world without my knowledge or sanction; consequently, I do not hold myself responsible in case those who have believed it should find themselves disappointed.

I am, dear sirs, your obedient servant,

JONATHAN KOONS.

A Curious Fact.

In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child on a still day across a water a mile wide.

Interesting Miscellany.

LOSSES.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe
For a fair face long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest blow."

LONDON, July 2.

LIVING BY ONE'S WIT.

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true, something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it; but the only money therein was a twelve-kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gratitude; for, thought he, "something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew with his wallet under his arm—for he did not lay it aside—was the subject of much mirth and mockery, as alas! is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thurrington and Saint Velt, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, gazing down the river until one spoke out:

"Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their long stay in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep." And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle and propound curious questions to each other, and he, with their permission, would sit down with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer-piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve kreutzer piece.

The proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever entered his head.

Thus, for example, the first one asked—

"How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat on an empty stomach?"

All said that it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid over their twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said, "One: for he who has eaten one egg can not eat a second on an empty stomach," and the other paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought, Wait, Jew, and I will try you on the New Testament, and think I shall win my piece. "Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said, "Because he was not in Corinth, otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve-kreutzer piece.

When the third found the Jew so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to the greatest length possible, yet completes it in time."

"The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meanwhile they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bramlach." The fourth asked, "In what month do the pople of Bramlach eat the least?"

The Jew said, "In February, for that has only twenty-eight days."

The fifth said, "There are two natural brothers, and still only one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said, "The uncle is your father's brother."

A fish now jumped out of the water, and the sixth asked, "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

The Jew said, "The smallest."

The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Basle to Berne in the summer time, in the shade, when the sun shines?"

The Jew said, "When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and walk."

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Berne to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said, "He must make fists of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said, "The last must take the dish with the egg, and can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischevious friendliness—

"How can a man fry two trout in three pans so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after another gave him twelve kreutzers.

But when the ninth desired that he should answer it himself, he frankly acknowledged that he knew not how the trout could be fried in such a way!

Then it was maintained that this was unfair in the Jew, but he stoutly affirmed that there was no provision for it in the argument, save that he who could not answer the questions should pay the kreutzers, and fulfill the agreement by paying that sum to the ninth of his comrades, who had asked him to solve it himself. But they all being rich merchants and grateful for the amusement, which had passed an hour or two very pleasantly for them, laughed heartily over their loss and at Jew's cunning.

EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.—Mr. John B. Greene, son of an American banker, has succeeded, notwithstanding the difficulties attendant on clearing away the Palace of Medinet Habora, in discovering the celebrated Egyptian Calendar of which Champollion could only copy the first lines. A cast of this monument was taken on the spot by means of a particular kind of composition, photography not reproducing it properly. Different colossal figures, the upper part of which were only visible, have been now cleared away and brought to light; one of them, in excellent preservation, shows the features of Rameses III, and is about nineteen meters high. Mr. Greene, in clearing round this colossus, was able to discover and take drawings of the inscriptions of the pylone or grand portal erected between the two courts; and he has also proved the existence of a pavement in granite which probably covered the whole court, and above which rose a passage which appears to have led into a second court. The excavations of Mr. Greene, which have just completely made known one of the most important edifices of Pharaonic Egypt, will, by the numerous inscriptions which they furnish, throw fresh light on different points of Egyptian philology.

A RESURRECTION.—To the Editors of the Daily Times.—Gentlemen: The following is so extraordinary that I can not resist the desire to communicate it to the readers of your excellent paper. On Friday, the 2d inst., as a poor female foreigner from the Celestial Empire (of the Shanghai species, all "fuss and feathers,") was admiring her beauty in the liquid mirror of a water tank, she lost her balance and fell in, and was taken out as dead, as a common rooster's lady might be in a similar case. There is nothing like presence of mind, whether the drowned subject be a Celestial or Terrestrial body. The lady who had rejoiced in the possession of such a rare specimen of oriental vanity being apprised of the calamity which had befallen her favorite, immediately administered three drops of Mrs. Mettler's Cholera Elixir, and in a few moments the interesting sufferer showed symptoms of vitality, in a convulsive shudder of the whole system, bristled up her feathers, and extended her extremities! She was quickly placed under the vivifying rays of the sun, and when visited a few minutes afterwards, she had vanished. "When out of hope behold her not far off,"—cackling and gossipping in the circle of her esteemed republican associates, to whom no doubt she was relating her late mishap and wondrous restoration, in more expressive language than the writer could attempt. "Some great results from little causes spring." May not the Elixir be a specific for the pip or croup in poultry, and calculated to promote the health and longevity of the feathered tribe? and no doubt might benefit the quadruped also, as well as it has the human race. Farmers should be supplied with the article. Seriously, the foregoing is substantially correct, and will be cheerfully confirmed by the proprietor of the bird if required.

Respectfully, VERITAS.

GOMORRAH.—A French traveler, Mons. De Sanley, professes to have discovered the ruins of this ancient city, now bearing the name of Carbet-Goumram, or Oumram, on the borders of the Dead Sea. They extend over a space of more than six thousand yards, and their very name given by the Arabs, indicates their identity with the ancient city destroyed by fire from heaven.

Neither sacred or profane history gives any hint of the existence of any other city on this site; and the ruins are very abundant—mounds covered with rubbish, avenues of upright stones, in good preservation, etc., of about four English miles—and located at the northern part of the Dead Sea, they seem to the traveler to be beyond question the remains of that exceeding wicked city. Further explorations may be necessary to the establishment of the fact in minds less sanguine.

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